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Puck

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FATHER KNICKERBOCKER SHOWS HIS APPRECIATION OF HIS BEST ALL-AROUND CITIZEN.



"AS ADVERTISED"

In the "Literary Supplement."

(Page 1) IN THE NAME OF BLOOD, by Henry Clay Scroggins.

— Thomas John Scribbles, author of "The Gyves of Fate," says: "It is the originality of this story which seems to me to be its most particular charm."

— Washington Irving Giles, author of "He Died for France," says: "The historical novel finds in Mr. Scroggins one more great exponent."

— Clara Bunkle, author of "Well-mets of Nevaire," says: "He held me to the last sword-clash."

— Julius DeWitt Finnerty, author of "In the Pathless Woods," says: "I regard Mr. Scroggins as one of the five great American novelists of to-day."

(Page 3) HE DIED FOR FRANCE, by Washington Irving Giles.

— Henry Clay Scroggins, author of "In the Name of Blood," says: "I have no hesitation in saying that Mr. Giles has few superiors in his chosen field of the historical romance."

— Julius DeWitt Finnerty, author of "In the Pathless Woods," says: "I think Mr. Giles is doing noble work. May he long persevere in it!"

— Thomas John Scribbles, author of "The Gyves of Fate," says: "I—," etc., etc.

(Page 5) IN THE PATHLESS WOODS, by Julius DeWitt Finnerty.

— Washington Irving Giles, author of "He Died for France," says: "Mr. Finnerty's lumbering descriptions have something about them which I can only describe as wonderfully familiar. The linking together of the mighty booms, the rolling of the logs, and the paper-mill with its great vats of mushy pulp,—it must all come home to us very closely."

— Mr. Henry Clay Scroggins, author of — etc., etc.

— Mr. Thomas John Scribbles, — etc., etc.

A. E. McFarlane.

WHO HATH not music in his soul is fit for treason, stratagems and crimes; to say nothing of his being competent to write songs to be given away as supplements to the Sunday papers.



HIS DEFINITION.

"You 're quite a sportsman, are n't you?"

"Wal, I dunno, boss. I s'posed a sportsman wuz one of dem fellers what comes from de city, an' can't hit nuffin'!"

PUCK

THE WINNING.

(1780.)



IGH TIDE or low tide? Name the trysting hour!"

(Oh! She blushed and trembled like a crimson-ing-opening flow'r!)

"My boat is at the landing; my ship is in the bay; Come with me to-night, Sweet, and we will sail away."

She murmured and she blushed again; her eyes were on the sand.

"High tide or low tide?"—I clasped her by the hand;

Face and neck were mantled by the rushing of her blood; Then she turned and, running, cried: "Let it be the flood!"

Ten o'clock, and flood-tide! My boat is riding high;
The breeze is steady in the south; the stars are in the sky.
She lingers long—she fears again; she's late—the time is past.
Twelve o'clock! She comes not; the tide is running fast.
Hark! a step upon the sand; here's a message brought:
"Love, forgive me yet again—my courage comes to nought;
Patience yet a little; by the ivied church
Meet me when the morrow breaks."—She's left me in the lurch!

"High tide or low tide? Fail me not again!
Sweet, my patience suffers; speak, and tell me when."
Shame of me to harry her! Now the tear-drops start:
"I am sore beset, Love!—'t will break my father's heart."
Pleadings, then, and kisses, till she yields once more.
"Sweet, I have your promise; meet me by the shore—
High tide or low tide?" Cheek and bosom burn;
Turning back she murmurs, "When the tide shall turn."

Four sturdy sailor-lads ready at the oar.—
Lass, I knew your heart would fail, even as before!
Stolen from her chamber, fainting in my arms,—
So I brought her to the ship, safe from all alarms.
Back comes her color; she wakes again to life.
"Nay, Sweet, now fear not; by dawn you'll be a wife;
Every sail is wetted.—" Blushes she anew,
Whispers, "Can we 'scape them if they should pursue?"

Frank Roe Batchelder.

HERESY.

HE.—My idea about those girls of ours is that they should learn how to earn their own living.

SHE.—O Henry! That I should live to hear you say such a thing! Why, don't you know that their whole future depends upon how useless they can be made to become?

HEAVENS.

"Great heavens!" cried the stranger.

"Oh! Great!" said the Chicagoese, proudly contemplating the clouds of smoke that obscured the sky.

TOO INQUISITIVE.

HE.—I stole a kiss from her.

SHE.—Was that all?

HE.—One was all I stole.



NATURALLY DISAPPOINTED.

BLANCHE.—Why did she break off the engagement?

EDITH.—Why, they had been engaged a month and he never once told her she was too good for him.

THE FROGS.

After the Frogs had made trial of Kings Log and Stork, and found neither precisely to their liking, they besought Zeus would he please come again.

"Certainly!" replied the father of gods and men, for he was in a gracious mood to-day. "I hereby endow you with a sense of humor!"

After this the Frogs had no further trouble, taking no interest whatever in politics.

DISTINCTION.

"Wha's the diff'unce 'tween gastronomy an' jes' plain, common cookin', huh?"

"Ign'unce! Gastronomy 's jes' nach'ly cookin' wif gas, cohse!"

If a pretty girl has indeed no brains, it simply goes to show that Nature is n't giving brains to such as can't possibly use these in their business.



HE CRITICISES THE SEX.

GRANDMA.—Mandy's improvin' at checkers, Silas.

GRANDPA.—She would if she'd foller it up, but I never knowed a woman, young or old, that 'd give all her spare time to it!

THE SHIRTWAIST GIRL.

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EMMA LOUISE PROMISES TO STAND BY ONE ADMIRER IN A COMING TRIAL AND MEETS THE SISTER OF ANOTHER.

BENNY LEVITSKI is a hit with me. His father wants him to be a rabbi, but Benny is a natcheral born Irish comedian an' he wants to go on the stage. I think Irish comedians is just lovely, don't you?

Ireland must be awful nice. Nothin' to do there but to save the hero from the British army who wants to stop him from goin' around with a Saint Bernard dog and singin'.

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Benny Levitski is an elegant dresser, an' I believe he would wear diamonds on his feet, he 's that refined, only nobody would see 'em there.

His father is ready any day to set him up in a Gent's Furnishin' Store, but since Benny 's been getting orders for crayon pictures and making money hisself he 's been going to the theatre and is



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SECOND NATIVE.—Wal, yes;—but, then, wot else could yo' expect of niggers?

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how he come near being turned out, an outcast from his father's door, because he wanted the old geezer to amputate his whiskers and try to realize that he was living in the United States.

Benny was telling me how a whole lot of talent was to be developed the night he made his debut at the Gaiety Museum, and how Jerry Quinn an' me brother Terry an' Skates Monahan would be there to applaud loudest for him so 's he 'd win the genuine silver-plated castor what would be the prize for the best talent. I promised to go, too, and Benny said he 'd swipe a bottle of cologne for me out of the store when his father or brother was n't looking, when along come Willy off the Pickle Boat and it was "switch to the side-track" for Benny.

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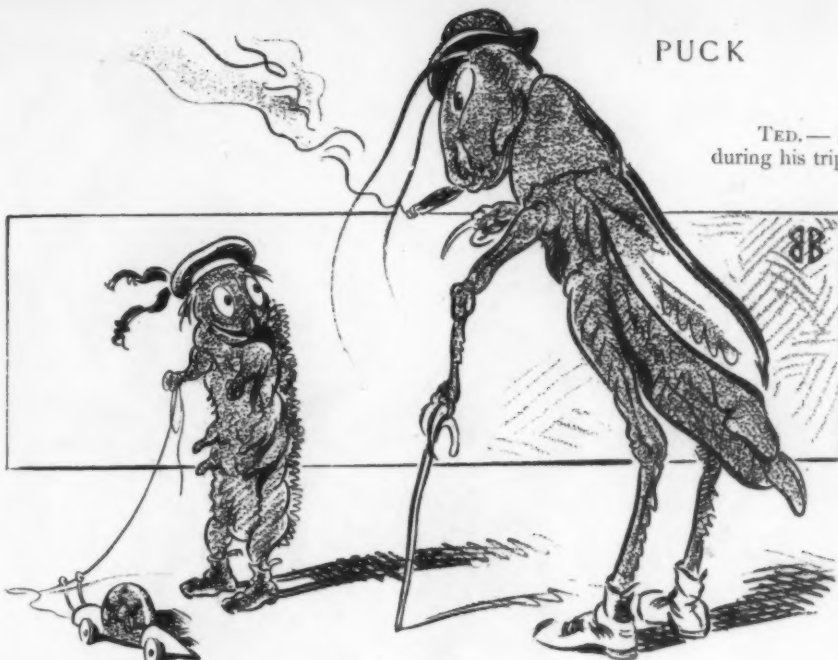


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NED.—Well, he saw snakes in Ireland.

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"Yes. Some of the pulpit and platform orators should try it!"

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SHE.—It *is* a rough game, is n't it?

HE.—Why, yes; but you did n't expect to see it settled by arbitration, did you?

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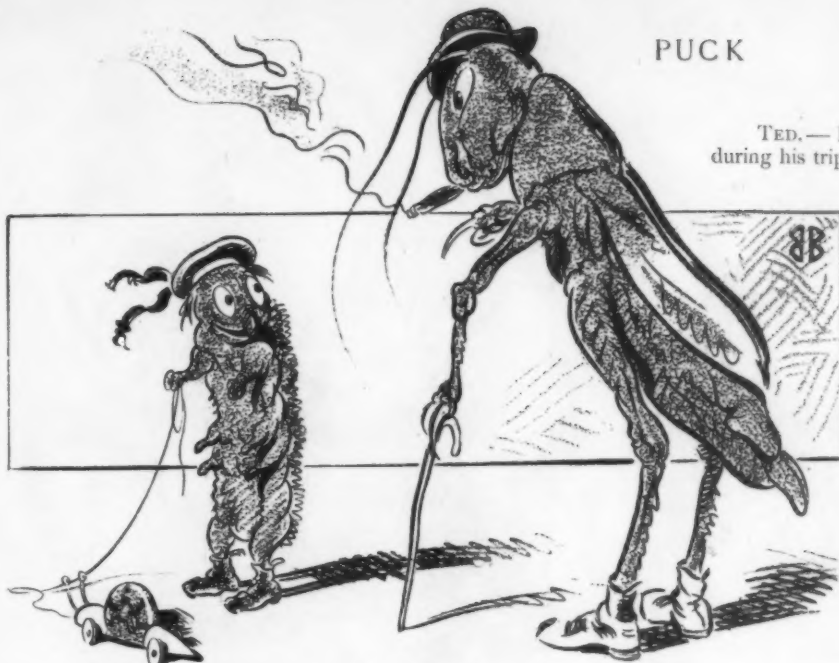


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PART OF HIS BUSINESS.

THE GUEST.—Now, I warrant you have heard many travelers tell strange tales of foreign lands—

THE INNKEEPER (*innocently*).—Yes, Your Honor, I have to listen to all of them!



THE TIME THAT'S LOST IN WISHING.

HEAR folks keep a-wishin' from the early morn till late,
A-wishin' they was wealthy an' a-wishin' they was great;
If stout, they 'd be more slender; an' if slim, they 'd be
more fat—
A discontented army, wishin' this an' wishin' that.
An' I 've done a heap o' thinkin' on the subject, first an' last,
Why people squirm an' fidget in the places where they 're cast;
Yes, an' wish for fields t' conquer when they simple duties shirk,
An' the time that 's lost in wishin' might be better spent in work

There 's wishin' in the country for position an' renown,
For wealth an' place an' power there is wishin' in the town;
While the city folks, inclinin' more t' laurel wreaths o' fame
Than more prosaic objects, keep on wishin' just the same.
The malady 's infectious an' it deals as hard a blow
T' women gowned in satin as t' those in calico;
It steals as many hours from the banker as the clerk,
An' the time that 's lost in wishin' might be better spent
in work.

Folks may spend an hour thinkin' an' some good from it
may come,
An' an hour's nap at noontime may improve your feelin's
some;

An hour spent in singin' may see Sorrow's banner furred,
But an hour spent in *wishin'* is a dead-loss t' the world!
An' so I 'd have the wishin'-hours gathered up an' spent
For chunks o' perseverance, or, in other words, *content*;
Since behind these idle hours lots o' little troubles lurk,
An' the time that 's lost in wishin' might be better spent
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Roy Farrell Greene.

OUT OF PROPORTION.

"The English say that Americans are too big
around the waist."

"Well, I don't always endorse the British; but
—I think an awful lot of us are too big around
the head."

PROSPERITY ITEM.

"You seem to be getting along very prosperously, over at Allegash," tentatively remarked the able editor of the Pettyville *Plaindealer*, addressing his fellow-scribe, who had dropped in for a chat on matters journalistic.

"Prosperously?" returned the editor, also able, of the Allegash *Agitator*, triumphantly. "You bet! Why, we are being sued, right now, for ten thousand dollars damages by a demon in human form who fancies we have slandered him!"

OFTEN WE think Fortune is smiling on us, when in point of fact she is only smiling on the people who make dyspepsia tablets.



A CONJECTURE.

THE DOCTOR.—Your stomach is out of order.

THE PATIENT.—Is it? May be I have n't been eating enough between meals.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

MR. HEWITT DECORATED.

MR. ABRAHAM S. HEWITT is brought to our notice, under the auspices of the New York Chamber of Commerce, as an uncommon specimen of all-around good-citizenship. The exhibit is pleasing, timely, and ought to be instructive. An aged man, Mr. Hewitt still displays such eager interest in public affairs as we expect only from younger men. A rich man, he has always taken such active part in the work as rich men can seldom be persuaded to take. The wealthy citizens of this town—of whom Mr. Hewitt is otherwise a type—are, as a rule, apt to know little and care less about the practical operation of public affairs here. New York is almost foreign to them. Indeed, they are not unlikely to be better informed as to the local politics and institutions of Paris or London. From William Waldorf Astor, acquiring riches through the unexhausting process of inheritance, to Richard Croker, gaining vast wealth by the sheer charm of his personal character, they one and all come to affect and finally to have an easy ignorance of affairs in their native city. As a practical politician, in the good sense of the term, and a single-hearted zealot in the cause of his town, Mr. Hewitt deserves not only the medal with which he has been decorated, but the warm gratitude of his fellow-citizens—to the moderately prosperous of whom we shall hope his example may be an immediate inspiration.

MR. SHEPARD'S DILEMMA.

THE NEED of Tammany for a sponsor this Fall was not unlike the need of Czolgosz for an attorney. The latter offender had to be disposed of according to prescribed rules; the former must be condemned and executed in accordance with the election laws,—the defence in each case being an empty matter of form. That a reputable attorney should have come forward with a serious effort to justify the act of Czolgosz is not to be imagined. That a reputable citizen, passionate protestations of civic virtue hardly cold from his lips, should agree seriously to defend Tammany was also unthinkable. That the latter has occurred should teach us that there are no sure things in politics. Mr. Shepard, it is true, has been not quite graceful in his feat of back-sliding, and the constant recurrence to his sight of the epithets he so recently lavished upon Tammany must keep his face busy blushing. But he does better than could have been expected, since no right-minded person could have expected anything at all from him in this line. As his intentions are unmistakable, however, there are a few things to be remembered about Mr. Shepard, especially by people whom his past good behavior might influence. Here he refers to himself, with a noble gift for euphony, as running for Mayor of New York on "a Democratic platform." But Mr. Shepard knows, and his former admirers should not forget, that he is running upon a Tammany platform, and that any man so doing must endorse Tammany's methods. Tammany's candidate for Mayor must approve of the prevailing system of police blackmail. Of this not even so guileless a person as Mr. Shepard can affect to be ignorant. He must approve the sale of license to break laws, and he must applaud the spectacle of his leaders living lives of luxury upon their percentage taken from the

wages of the fallen woman, the gambler and the saloon-keeper. Unless Mr. Shepard shall purge himself more effectually than by general references, however glittering, to the glorious principles of Democracy, the presumption that he regards this condition as tolerable must lie against him. The political belief of persons who live upon the earnings of certain other persons is rarely a matter of moment to the fastidious—Mr. Shepard's apparent belief to the contrary notwithstanding. If Mr. Shepard, however, does not approve of Tammany's ways, and was not obliged to promise submission to them, in order to secure his nomination, he owes it to the public to say so. Unless he is very plain and definite and specific on this point, and clear and outspoken and emphatic and unmistakable and a lot more things, most reasoning persons will conclude that he did not accept the nomination with clean intentions.

A HEATHEN PEOPLE.

PROOFS OF the Christian religion's superiority being sorely needed by the Chinese, the practice of plundering their art collections for the benefit of Western museums must be considered salutary and justifiable. It is hardly to be hoped that the heathen will abandon a faith of many centuries until this and kindred practices have made its disadvantages apparent to him. The squeamishness therefore of those persons who are protesting against a contemplated addition to the Metropolitan Museum of Art betrays them to be not only unversed in theological subtleties but incapable of any broad, common-sense view of the scheme of salvation. For the reassurance of these unduly sensitive ones it should be said that the collection of art objects in question comes to this country not as loot, bluntly speaking, but as a purchase at reduced rates, from various emissaries of Christ who personally saw to the more intimate and technical details of its sequestration. It is true that the greater part of the collection was lately the property of a Chinese Noble who became unable to care for it through the circumstance of his having been deprived of his head for pernicious activity in behalf of the Christians beleaguered at Peking. But these treasures of bronze, porcelain and ivory were really purchased from those who had become possessed of them, by one of our Secretaries of Legation, so that, in the words of our museum's Curator, they have had "a commercial experience" and, in consequence, would no longer be described as "loot" by any purist. With this understanding we may view the collection with a variety of profitable emotions; among them, perhaps, being one of amazement at the Anglo-Saxon's ability to refrain from blushing in circumstances that eloquently urge it.



POOR SORT OF COMPANY.

JERROLD.—Is your friend, Bleeker, an agreeable sort of chap?
HOBART.—Well, hardly;—he's the kind of chap that comes back from his Summer vacation with money in his pocket!



J. OTTMANN LITH. CO. PUCK BLDG. N.Y.

AN ENGLISH COUNTRY SEAT AND RACING STABLE COST A L



COST A LOT OF MONEY—AND HE KNOWS HOW TO GET IT.

PUCK



STILL SAFE.

"Curse the luck! I've broken every one of the sticks!"
 "Yes. The ball seems to be about the only thing left!"

HIS WAY.

"My nephew, Jim Rush, has got a pretty considerable business sort of head on him," said the Old Codger, recently. "He was to have married a girl over at Goshkonong, at two o'clock last Wednesday afternoon; but he found out that there was a wash-out on the railroad and he could n't possibly get there till some time in the night. So he just telegraphed the girl: 'Unavoidably delayed. Don't marry till I come!'"

HER ABILITY.

REEDER.—I saw an item last night which said that it is estimated that there are 50,000 muscles in an elephant's trunk.

HENNYPECK.—I'll bet a cooky my wife could have packed it and not left one of 'em out!

ONE REASON.

FIRST HARLEMITE.—They say American locomotives burn a great deal of coal.

SECOND HARLEMITE.—Perhaps they do; they are not run by Harlem janitors.



DOUBTFUL.

HE.—I'm sorry, Maria!
 SHE.—What's the good of bein' sorry after spilin' the clean floor with yer dirty feet?
 HE.—Well, I dunno, Maria. I don't s'pose you could jaw me any more if I was n't sorry.

THE UNKNOWN.

"What you don't know would fill a good many books!" sneered I.

The College Graduate laughed quietly.

"I intend filling newspapers with it!" said he; and this, coupled with his manner, gave me to understand that he purposed being a modern journalist.

IN AFRICA.

FIRST NATIVE.—The missionaries would like to stop cannibalism.

SECOND NATIVE.—They would? I don't see why a man should n't eat according to the dictates of his conscience!

SURE ENOUGH

TELLER.—I see, by the papers, that Professor Drydust declares he has never uttered an oath, never made a wager, never smoked, chewed tobacco, drank liquor, or kissed a woman. I almost wist, I could say as much.

GRIMSHAW.—Well, why don't you? Professor Drydust does!

IT TAKES nine reformers to make a politician.

FOUR!!



NE DAY adown a certain street
There tripped a maiden, trim and neat,
Who uttered oft, in tones complete:
"Fore!"

"May I not walk with you?" I pled.
"How far extends your route ahead?
A block? A mile?" She simply said:
"Fore!"

"Pray tell me—why so swift your gait?
Do eager eyes your coming wait?
A lover?" She replied, sedate:
"Fore!"

"Your sleeves are rolled—your shoes are wide—
Your locks uncovered are, beside!
Have you no hat?" She gayly cried:
"Fore!"

"Belike a-golfing you are bound?
Your clubs must weigh full many a pound;
A score, perchance." She gently frowned:
"Fore!"

"Let me your caddie be, fair Miss?
As payment I would ask one kiss.
What else more sweet?" Her answer, this:
"Fore!!"

Edwin L. Sabin.

THE Y. J. IN BOSTON.

"Extra!" cry the newsboys. "New anecdote concerning Philip Brooks!"
Boston stirs to its very centre.
Everybody buys a paper, eagerly, and reads, absorbedly, and exclaims,
chagrinedly:
"The accursed yellow journalism!" exclaims everybody.
For the anecdote bears upon its face the proof that it is a fabrication.



HOW HE ACQUIRED HIS KNOWLEDGE.

"You seem to have gathered quite a little information about the old place."
"Oh! Yes, sir. To tell the truth, Hi've 'eard a lot of things about it from people that read them in their guide books, sir!"

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CIGARETTES

are the highest standard for excellence in quality ever known in Turkish cigarettes!

There is no better tobacco or paper or workmanship in any other Turkish cigarette, and for this reason "DEITIES" are more in demand than ever.

Every "DEITIES" smoker is loyal to "DEITIES," for they are above and beyond imitation or substitute, and with all who know what constitutes excellence in Turkish cigarettes "DEITIES" stands for satisfaction.

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are the same as DEITIES but with cork tips.

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and her company in
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That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,
Baltimore, Md.

A DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT.

"I see that a Paris physician has decided to inoculate himself with bovine tuberculosis in order to test the Koch theory."

"I'll bet he'll prove that Koch is right."

"Yes; but supposing he should get the mooring habit fixed on him, and begin to chew the cud and want to hook things? Would n't that be almost as bad?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*.



FORTUNE'S FAVORITE.

MRS. NEWLYWED.—You remember Bob Bigfront, whom I refused last year? Well, he's just struck an oil well worth five million dollars.

MR. NEWLYWED.—Gosh! Some men have all sorts of luck!

The healthy man fights life's battle best. Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters will give you enduring health. Get them at druggists.

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Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

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CORTEZ CIGAR CO., KEY WEST.

NO APPEARANCES TO KEEP UP.

"Did n't you go away at all, Mrs. Dash?"

"No; Mr. Dash said he was so well fixed now that we could afford to stay at home if we wanted to—so we did."—*Detroit Free Press*.

STERNLY PRACTICAL.

"Don't you know there are sermons in stones and good in everything?"

"I dunno 'bout dere bein' sermons in stones," answered Mr. Erastus Pinkley. "But if a man is out o' razor reach an' kin th'ow straight, sometimes dar is a heap o' persuasion in 'em."—*Washington Star*.

MRS. STYLES.—Did your husband enjoy his vacation?

MRS. WYLES.—Not a bit. You see, they gave us a room which overlooked the office, and we could see the clerks making out the bills.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

Perfect Ageing,
Perfect Purity,
Perfect Flavor,

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hospitality
and the tonic
of health.

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Whiskey

Sold at all first-class cafes and by jobbers.
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—*Medical Press (London)*, Aug. 1899.

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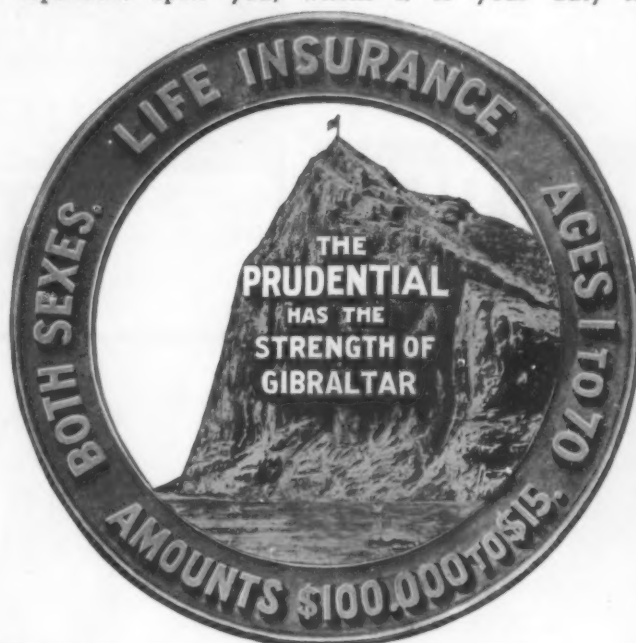
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THE YOUNG FAUN.—Ah! And can not the Muses do anything to stop it?

That lost appetite easily restored by Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. Take none but the genuine. At grocers and druggists.

Buy it and try it if you want a delicious wine with a beautiful bouquet—Cool's Imperial Extra Dry Champagne.

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"What do you most admire about Shakspeare?"
And without hesitation the manager replied:

"The fact that I can produce his plays without paying royalties to anybody."—*Washington Star.*

THERE is every reason for fearing that the Lord's opinion of the men is prejudiced by what he hears in the women's prayers.—*Atchison Globe.*

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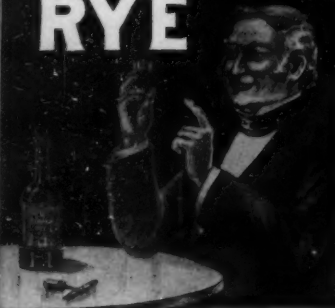
"You seem greatly depressed," said one eminent ancient Egyptian. "What is the trouble?"

"There is something wrong with my calculations," answered the other. "I announced a rise of the Nile for this morning, and it did not materialize."

"That's bad; very bad. The indignant populace will probably put you to a disgraceful death."

"Yes. I can't help thinking what hard luck it is not to have been born a few ages later among people who will regard a mistake in the weather predictions merely as a good joke."—*Washington Star.*

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May our Wives always remain our Sweet-
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fer money enough ter git home with!

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"Ye did, eh? Well, if ye grow up to the country ye'll be a whole lot bigger than ye are
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"Were they petrified, too?"

"The paper does n't say."

"They ought to have been."

"Why?"

"Because there used to be an awful hard lot of citizens in Arizona."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

ON THE SAFE SIDE.

"Mrs. Piff, how do you prepare your baby's breakfast?"

"Oh! I give him one-third milk and two-thirds microbe killer."—*Detroit Free Press.*

DON'T runaway up hill!—*Atchison Globe.*



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THE banana diet for thin people will doubtless have quite a run until some contrary physician bobs up to recommend it for obesity.—*Washington Post.*

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